

## Chapter 8

### THE MARRIAGES

The first men to come to Pine Valley, were men with young families. A few of them had left older married children in Salt Lake, but most of the ones who came were in their teens or younger, so there were but few marriages in the first years. But soon the young folks saw favor in each others eyes and for a period of forty years or more there were many marriages and hardly a one that was not of ones that had been raised together in the valley. It may have been because they were so isolated and traveling was so difficult, that they did not see anyone else that appealed to them.

Rufus and Dorinda Goheen Slade brought with them some grown children, who soon found their mates. In 1857, the first year in Washington, Clara Slade married James Mathews, they later moved to Pine Valley. Dorinda Goheen was picked off in 1863 by Robert Forsyth; in 1864 Ben Brown married Jane, the youngest daughter.

The men who came first and had the largest families, were Harrison Burgess, James B. Bracken, Sr., Robert Gardner and William Snow. William Burgess, Jr., a son of William senior, who was always called 'Grandad' because he was the oldest man in town, also raised two nephews and some children of his own, who would have been of a similar age to the children of the ones mentioned above. As has been mentioned before, Granddad's wives Violate Stockwell and Dorcas Dykes came with him. In 1863, George Burgess, one of the nephews raised by William, Jr., married Dorcas's daughter Rhoda, they moved to Grass Valley soon after, but spent their winters in Pine Valley.

As soon as the children arrived at their late teens or early twenties, they began to marry. When Harrison's daughter Mary Almeda was nineteen she married William Gardner, son of Robert and Jane; the following year Amanda Melissa married Henry Slade, though she was not yet fifteen years old. Three years later, in 1874, Harrison Joseph, one of the twins, married Emma Snow, daughter of William and Sally; three years later Benjamin (Bench) married Erazma Rogers, known as "Rad." She did not live there, but must have spent much time there, for her father, a carpenter, did much work there; six years later his brother Abram married her sister Jane and both families lived in the valley many years. One of the interesting traditions has it, that one day the next daughter, Sophia looked out a window, and saw a strange young man going past. She said, "That is the man I am going to marry." He was Gabriel Uteley. a young man who had been left an orphan when his parents had died in Winter Quarters. He had come to Pine Valley seeking employment, and surely enough she married him later. They lived in Pine Valley close neighbors to the other Burgesses, who all had homes close to each other around the two blocks west of the Church building. The next year, Isaac married Penelope Thomas, daughter of Mahala Thomas, the widow who had come to the valley in 1861. The same day of their marriage, his sister Clara Jane, only seventeen years old, married William Wight. She had one child by him that lived but a short time, and in 1881 he died leaving her alone again. Two years later, she

married William Albert Bracken. The children of all these couples were born in Pine Valley, and spent their childhood there, but all moved elsewhere later.

James B. Bracken, Jr., always known as Bennet, married Marian Whipple, daughter of Eli and Patience, in 1869; then years later his brother Orlando married Martha Ann Mathews, the sixteen year old daughter of James and Clara Slade Mathews. As stated above, William married widow Clara Wight. The youngest son, Marcellus, know as Sell, remained single until he was thirty three years old. It seemed that the town had run out of eligible girls, but Robert Gray came from Scotland, bringing with him several McMurtrie sisters, Janet was one of them, she was more than ten years younger than he, but in 1890 they were married.

When Robert Gardner came to Pine Valley, he brought three wives, Jane, Cynthia, and Leonora, with their children most of which were boys. Three years later, William Snow came with three wives, Sally, Maria and Ann, most of which were girls. The way they took to each other as they grew up made history. In 1875, Royal Gardner, son of Cynthia, married Chloe, daughter of Sally; two years later his brother, John A. married Celestia, daughter of Ann; in another two years Reuben, son of Jane, married Lucy, daughter of Sally; four years later Robert B., son of Cynthia, married Bernella, daughter of Ann; and the same year Ozro, son of Jane, married Maryetta, daughter of Sally. In 1884, they changed the pattern slightly when Jeter Snow, son of Ann, married Mary Alice, daughter of Leonora. In nine years, six brothers and sisters married each other, they all had large families. The number of children ranging from seven to twelve, these children all double cousins, pretty well dominated both the school and social life of the village for a number of years. The William Meeks family, who were growing up at the same time, complicated the situation a little more when William Jr. married Sarah Gardner, daughter of Jane; his sister Louisa, known

as "Lyde" married James Gardner, son of Jane, while another sister, Melissa married Willard Snow, son of Ann. More double cousins.

The children of George and Rhoda Dykes Burgess, were now growing up and were to complicate the relationships a bit more. In 1885, their daughter Alice, married Alonzo Gardner, son of Cynthia; fourteen years later her sister Ruth married David Gardner, son of Leonora, bringing in another set of double cousins. Several years later, their sister Ella married Orrin Snow, son of Ann. Since they now ran out of Snow or Gardners to marry George's son, Edward known as "Ted" married Emily Jeffrey, a daughter of Thomas Jeffrey, who moved into Pine Valley from a ranch about twelve miles down the Santa Clara Creek. A few years later another daughter, Carolina "Carrie" married Henry Jacobson.

James Jacobson married Sarah Legg, a girl who had come to Pine Valley with an aunt as her own mother was not able to care for her.

A widow, Christina Beckstrom, had come to the village and married Peter Jacobson, as Brigham Young requested that such women be thus cared for, but they each had sons that did not get along well with each other, so she took her two sons, Peter and Joseph and moved to herself. Her son Peter married Emma Bracken, daughter of Bennet and Marion Bracken; son Joseph married Ella Lloyd, the youngest daughter of Eliza and Robert.

Back in 1871, William Gardner had married Jane Thomas, daughter of Mahala, it was a polygamous marriage, the only one in that generation. Twenty six years later, their daughter Mahala, married Arthur Bracken, son of Bennet and Marion. It was the first marriage of that next generation. Bennet's daughter Rose, earlier had married Nathaniel Gardner, son of Robert by his wife, Mary Ann, who never did live in Pine Valley. Nat and Rose raised their family in Pine Valley, making still more cousins to grow up together.

In the 1890's, Frank Snow, son of Ann and William, son of Sally broke the record by going down to Pinto to get their wives; in 1893, Frank married Effie May Harrison. Six years later, William married Hattie Thorton.

When Leonora married Robert Gardner, she was but eighteen years old, near the age of his older children, so her children were contemporaries of the next generation. Her son George married Isabella Forsyth, daughter of George and Sarah Snow Forsyth. Her parents had moved to Wayne County when she was only four years old, but when she was older they sent her back to Pine Valley to go to school. Here she lived with her relatives, met George and married him.

Julia Snow, who married Joseph Cox the first week they came to the valley, had one son, Joseph, by him, but was left a widow the next year. On the advice of Brigham Young, she then married her first husband's brother and had another son, William, by him. The marriage did not work out well, so she left him and returned to Pine Valley, where with the help of her father, she built a home. When her son William grew up, he married Leonora's daughter, Lizzie, and moved with her back to Lehi, where his father still lived. They had two sons. When she was pregnant with a third child, she was out in the yard where her husband had a dangerous bull. He saw her and started to chase her. She ran for the house, but just as she reached the door, he caught her and pushed her against it so violently, that her child was born prematurely and she died. Her two little boys, Jay and Malin, were taken by the two grandmothers to be raised. Jay remained with Grandmother Cox, and Malin was brought back to Pine Valley by Grandmother Gardner and remained there for the rest of his life. These two marriages made two more Gardner-Snow connections. Malin grew up as a cousin to all the rest of them.

This chapter is about like one of the "begat" chapters in the Bible, and about equally interesting. But, since it was the

relationships in the town that made it what it was, a history should contain it. Everyone had cousins, uncles, aunts, grandmothers to turn to. When the expression "just like one big family" is used, it was literally so, for about everyone was related to everyone else. The cousins were often more intimate than brothers or sisters, as they were closer in age and there was no sibling rivalry.

The couples were all young and healthy, so the birthrate was amazingly high. The grandmothers Patience Whipple, Mahala Thomas, Cynthia Gardner, Ann Snow and later Leonora Gardner were kept busy delivering the babies and caring for the young mothers. Though no doctor was ever on the scene, not one mother died in childbirth, or a retarded or crippled child born. Emma Burgess, who had no children and Carrie Jacobson who had just one after being married for five years, acted as angels of mercy by going around to help the mothers who all had more than they could do. There were no Pampers, imagine the work of getting all the diapers dry for all those babies during the long snowy winters. Our mother had three babies all in diapers at one time.

In making the statement that no mother ever died in childbirth failed to note one pitiful story that became part of the town tradition. When Robert and Eliza Lloyd finally moved to Pine Valley for the year around, they had a half grown daughter, Mary. The iron mines in Iron County were still in operation, when Mary was old enough, she found a job at Old Irontown helping to run the boarding house, there she caught the attention of one of the iron moulders, Henry Chadburn, and soon married him. When the iron works folded up, they moved to a ranch twelve miles below Pine Vally on the Santa Clara Creek. It was a pleasant place and had been occupied by different owners ever since it was first seen by the settlers. For many years, it was a major stopping place for travelers going from St. George to anyplace north, particularly to the railroad station at

Modena. The Chadburns lived there many years and belonged to the Pine Valley Ward. Their first child was a girl, always known as "Little Mary." The women in the Goheen family were small and petite. Mary married Andrew Gibbons or Thomas, as his Mother, Mahala, had been married twice and her sons went by both names. He was a big husky chap, and when her first baby was due, she went to the ranch to be with her mother. The baby was so large, that it could not be born normally. The story is told that

she lay in hard labor for many many hours. If there had been a doctor in the area, he would likely have taken it Caesarian section, but there was no doctor available. After some days the folks sent to Pine Valley for Leonora Gardner, who was a skilled midwife. She was just preparing to leave, when the word came that Little Mary was dead. The child was still alive for some time after her death, but there was no one to save it. It was christened anyway, and they were buried in Pine Valley, but did not die there.



In preparation for the picnic later in the afternoon dads may be seen sprucing up shaggy locks on young sons who run wild between haircuts. This pair is

Burton Snow, 12, and his father Levi, cattle rancher and farmer.



## BOOK 4

## THE BEGINNING OF THE EXODUS

*Chapter 1*

There were a number of other marriages, but are not listed here because they did not remain and continue to build the town, but they became leaders in every place they settled in. As the cattle business was becoming a thriving business, some of the people with large herds moved to places where there was good grazing. As the lumber business was dying down, the nature of employment caused many to remain for only an indefinite period. In 1868, when the Brown saw mill burned down, he left for southern Arizona, where a new Mormon area was being colonized. Some of the other families, who also went there were the children of Umpstead Rencher, Ebenezer Bryce, Slades, and the children of Sam Burgess who had come from England.

During the well known Navajo raid, several young Pine Valley men joined the soldiers under James Andrus, to go out to punish the Indians, it was part of the Black Hawk War. They followed the Navajo's out beyond the Colorado River, but to return they had to travel a long way north, before they found a place they could cross the river, they traveled through a wide area then known as Rabbit Valley, where they took note of the possibilities of that place particularly the lush grass that grew in some sub-irrigated places that would make a poor cow fat. Bill Meeks Jr. was the one that brought back glowing accounts of the country. As the years went by it became increasingly evident that the population was getting beyond the saturation point, so about 1880, Bill with twenty-five other families, made a break. Meeks, George

Forsyth, Willard Snow with his younger brother Charles, Mosiah Hancock, Robert Forsyth, several of the Lloyds and Slades, now married, some of the William Burgess Sr.'s offspring, William P. Sargent, the Neys, Alfred Jeffy, and others made the trek. They settled in Garfield and Wayne counties; some went on out as far as Emery County. Some went to Panguitch, some to Thurber, later known as Bicknell, named for Captain Bicknell who made the name important in the days of the Old Spanish Trail. Some went to Loa, others to Teasdale, and Salina. Many of them became leaders in every place they settled.

The ground these people owned was quickly purchased by the men remaining, to add to their still too meager holdings. It gave them a feeling of more stability. Reuben Gardner bought the little frame house left vacant by his sister Sarah and Bill Meeks. He was one of the men who homesteaded much of the ground around the upper end of the valley, when the Homestead Act made it necessary to gain legal rights to the farms. The first four children in his family were born in the little house, but he was an ambitious man and a good manager, so before the next child came he built a larger comfortable brick home on the same lot. Bricks were made near the site of the building by Brother William Ellis Jones, who had moved to Gunlock and willingly came to wherever he could get work. Reuben excavated and hauled the rock for the foundation, cut the logs and helped saw them into suitable lumber, helped to burn the bricks, also hauled, burned and

stacked the lime plaster, then acted as hod carrier for the brick layer and helped the carpenter. Getting a home then was quite a different problem to the ones that face young people today. When the house was finished it was one of the first really good homes in the village. There were four bedrooms which were welcome for the next eight children who were born there.

Reuben's family was one of the more important ones in the village. He was not one who ever held an executive position in the church, but rather one who in the background helped in all worthwhile projects, like the trees that were planted all over town. He was an avid and skilled hunter and fisherman and enjoyed these two sports long after most of his contemporaries had felt they were too old. He was one of the most successful cattlemen, and over the years was one of the wealthiest men in the area, but he never, in the words of my mother, ever tried "to put on airs." He used his money wisely, giving a comfortable home to his family in both Pine Valley and in St. George where his children went through school. His wife, Aunt Lucy, was a most kindly mother and wisely formed the habit of reading to her children before they went to bed. Her only brother, William, who was a professor at the BYU for many years chose books for her and they went the rounds of the town giving other children a good educational background.

Reuben lived to see his sons develop one of the best herds of purebred Hereford cattle in the state. They had a houseful of trophies won for prize animals.

He gave all of his children as much schooling as they were willing to take; four of his daughters graduated from college, two of them after their children were nearly grown up.

Annie married young and raised three children, when they were grown she returned to Utah State University and completed her work to obtain a Bachelor's Degree. She was on the honor roll every quarter that she was there.

Her oldest son, Harlan, became the father of twelve children who were likewise superior students, two topped the list in the Sterling Scholar program and were given full tuition scholarships to the University of Utah.

Helen, left alone with six children to educate, returned to school to finish the work for her degree, then taught school until retirement age. She did well. The University of Utah accorded the family an especial honor one year, for three of the members graduated all in one year, all on the roll of high honor. Two of her three sons are medical doctors, the other one an architect. One girl is a University professor.

For many years, Aunt Lucy was a hopeless invalid, but the daughters took over the running of the home so capably that things went smoothly. He lived to be well up in his eighties, but always remained active and shortly before he died, planted trees around his home that he knew he would not see to mature, but he did it for the others who would follow him.

There was an unusual situation in the family, like all men Reuben hoped for sons to carry on his name. Of the twelve children born to them five were sons but the first one was killed by his horse. The second one grew up and became a doctor, but married a beautiful woman who did not have good health; they had no children. The third son never married though died at the age of 46; the fourth one, Erastus Snow, married and had two sons and two daughters, the second son died in infancy. Reuben's fifth son died at the age of six weeks. All of the girls married and had children; there were thirty grandchildren but just one boy, Dean C., son of Erastus, that bore the Gardner name.

When Dean married, all the family and friends waited rather impatiently for the birth of his first child and sighed with satisfaction when it was a son. He was followed by two little brothers who were also welcomed for they were about the only boys near their age in town. As they grew up, for about ten years the three of them assumed

responsibility for the sacrament in Church. Each Sunday morning they could be seen scrubbed and shining, looking about like Little Lord Fauntleroy, coming down the street to the chapel to make sure that the place was dusted and everything made ready for the Sacrament.

The relationship between the boys and their grandfather was a beautiful one. They were the pride and joy of his life. As he had to spend much of his time with his cattle, he soon had the boys trained to help him. He saw to it that each had his own horse, saddle, bridle or anything else that he thought they needed. Much of the riding had to be done on the Grass Valley Mountain, three of them with their father Dean and Grandfather Rass riding to Grass Valley. They soon knew all the answers and loved the days they spent on the mountains. To this day, one of the saddest things in their lives is that one cannot still make a living in the cattle business.

His second son, Clarence, was among the first men from southern Utah to study medicine in the East. He was one who followed Dr. George W. Middleton and was a contemporary of Dr. Menzie MacFarlane. They studied medicine together in Jefferson Medical School. He returned to Utah and practiced for some years in Farmington, Utah. He then moved to California, where he spent the remainder of his life.

Reuben's daughter, Effie, married and lived on in the family home and cared for him in his last years. She, like her father, has been and still is a pillar of strength in the village. She has been the hub of the family and keeps them united to this day. For all the generations all of them still love to come back home as often as they can.

One of the interesting side lights in the Reuben Gardner family was that two of his daughters Ivie and Laura married Edgar M. Jenson and Glenn E. Snow, who both became president of Dixie College. While Ivie was attending BYU, she was elected student body president and was the only woman to ever hold that position.

One of the couples who were to have a marked influence in the valley was Harrison Joseph and Emma Snow Burgess. He was always known as "Uncle Jode" for he befriended so many people they felt like he was an uncle. While he was still in his boyhood, he learned the sawmill business by working with his father and brothers, he was an apt businessman for by the time he was in his early twenties he owned shares in a mill of his own. When he married at twenty two, he had enough money to buy furniture and other necessities for their first home. He later branched out into other businesses such as farming, cattle raising and the mercantile business. When the co-op stores were started all over the state as branches of Z.C.M.I., he purchased a controlling interest in the store that was started in Pine Valley. The store was housed in a substantial brick building, which was placed on his lot. He owned the entire block. His comfortable brick home was on the same lot with an orchard and a generous corn patch between the two buildings. The store, like many country stores became a rather social center, as well as a source of supply for the natives. Although the stockholders had a clerk hired to care for the store, much of the time in off hours, Aunt Emma would be asked to go to the store for some needed item, she was of such a kindly disposition, that she always accommodated all who asked the favor. In the many years they ran the store, she probably walked as many miles back and forth across the corn patch as her mother did when she crossed the plains.

To their great sorrow, they had no children, but as all of her sisters were raising large families, she was the one who was always available when help was needed. After they had been married more than twenty years, Joseph's brother Issac's wife died, leaving him with several small children to raise. The baby was just six months old. Isaac gave her to Joseph and Emma to raise. It was the most joyous event of their lives. Few parents have ever taken more satisfaction in their children than they

did with this little girl. She was a strikingly beautiful child and remained so for the rest of her life. He probably enjoyed the various enterprises that brought him his wealth, but one of the greatest joys was the fact that he could shower her with everything she might want. Nina's was always the loveliest doll at Christmas time, hers was the prettiest dress at the dance.

When he went into the cattle business, he brought the big monument ranch where the Mountain Meadows Massacre had taken place and moved over into Nevada for range rights, where he would not be so curtailed by the Forest Service and soon developed one of the largest herds in the country. Aunt Emma was also a good manager, so they soon had more money than they needed to live on, and as someone said, they could never enjoy their own comfort as long as they could see others who were in need. He loaned money right and left, often without interest, and lost a small fortune to people who never paid him back. For many years, he was a Counselor in the bishopric and loved to entertain the children both in Sunday School and afternoon meeting, by talking Moari and telling of his experiences when he was on his mission to New Zealand.

When the Dixie College was started, one Sunday a prospective faculty member came to Church proselyting for more students, when he was through, Uncle Jode arose and said if there were any young ones who were in need of money to go to school, he would gladly help them and there would be no interest on their loans. Many took him at his word, he helped many to get an education, and if any tried to pay him interest he acted as if they hurt his feelings.

As Aunt Emma had no children of her own, she became a mother to many in need. Brother Carr, a neighbor, had no children and after his wife died she took him into her home during his declining years and cared for him until he died. Sam Dotson, a young man who was hurt while working in the timber at the saw mill, was cared for in his fatal illness at her home. When her sister

Chloe's son, Levi was hurt by being thrown from a galloping horse she took him into her home where he lay unconscious for thirty days.

In their later life, he built one of the first really modern homes in St. George. It had two apartments so Nina continued to live with them after she was married. They helped to raise her children. Though they did not live to see it, nothing would ever have made them happier than to know that Nina spent twenty years as matron of the St. George Temple, where she was known and loved by people from all over the Church.

There was never anyone lived in Pine Valley that had more influence on its history and people than Jeter Snow, who was Bishop there for more than forty years. He was a son of Bishop William Snow. When his father died, he went out into Nevada and found work to help support his mother's family, he did anything he could find for awhile then he was employed by James Wadsworth to help on his farm, in his general store and to haul freight. He continued on this job for about ten years and was well paid. In 1884, he returned home and married Mary Alice Gardner, took her back to Panaca and they lived there for four years. In 1889, the Church called him, as they might call one to go on a mission, to come back to Pine Valley to be a Counselor in the bishopric to Bishop William Gardner. He left his employment and returned with no visible means of making a living. They sold their home in Panaca and bought the home of Thomas Jeffrey who had moved to Rabbit Valley. The home was the sawed log one that John Hawley had built in the Upper Town and later moved to the lower one. The house was up near the foot of the south hills and with it went several acres of good ground, but most important of all there was a very lovely spring which proved to be a blessing second to none for his family for the rest of their lives. Here he was with a family to raise and no immediate means to support them, but he had unwavering faith that the way would be opened up before him.



His mother owned several acres of good ground just east of the lane, which she had been given from his father's estate, it had been farmed by his younger brothers, Frank and Orrin, since their father's death. They were left with the ground, but no horses or farm equipment, but in the intervening years they had managed to get these. When Jeter came back, the brothers joined with him, he was given the nine acres of his mother's as Frank had been able to get more ground for himself.

Sadder than the fact that he had no job, was the fact that for many years he had been a chain smoker. When he accepted the Bishopric position, he felt that he should quit, but like everyone else he just kept putting it off. His brother Frank and his wife Effie invited Jeter and Alice to dinner one Sunday. After dinner he had a consuming desire for a cigarette, so he made the excuse that he needed to go home to do chores. After doing the chores, he came back in the house and felt embarrassed that he had spoiled part of the day, so he said he believed he would quit. Taking his can of tobacco, he placed it on the mantle shelf beside the clock. For two weeks he would come in at intervals and eye it up, but left it alone. After two weeks, he came in one day and threw the can into the fireplace, and that was it. He never smoked again. But it was not all that easy. He was not very strong to begin with, he was a small man and had much hard work to do. He would go to the field with Frank and attempt to do his share, but Frank who had nothing but sympathy for him would say, "You go back and sit under the plum bushes, I'll do this." He would do it for a time, but he finally recovered, but not to the point that it did not bother him. Forty years later, he said one morning, "I wish that man in the doorway would turn and blow his smoke the other way so I could not smell it quite so strong."

The relationship between him and his brother Frank, was one of the truly beautiful things in that peaceful valley. For nearly thirty years, they farmed together, used the

same farm machinery, took as much interest in the other man's crop as they did in their own; planted and harvested the farms as if they were one. They had sons who worked with them. Jeter's son, Levi and Frank's son, Rodney were born four days apart during that nine foot snow storm that came in March of '97. The boys grew up with their arms about each other's necks, and never recovered from the admiration and love they had for each other. The next sons, William and Spencer, were a bit more than a year apart. They also grew up ahold of hands. All of them were working together much of every day, they and all the rest of the children in both families felt more like brothers and sisters than cousins.

In 1893, Bishop William Gardner was called on a mission to New Zealand. Jeter was ordained in his place, he chose as counselors men who had business away from home so for much of the time he carried the load almost alone. As the years went by, and the population continued to decrease, there came a time when it was a problem to keep auxiliaries staffed, but he kept the organizations running smoothly as was possible.

If there was no one present to help, he took over the work himself. Because of his health, he never rode the range for cattle much of the time, he remained at home to keep things running. I remember one spring during the spring cattle round up of going to Sunday School when he gave the opening prayer, blessed and passed the Sacrament alone, taught a Sunday School class, then gave the benediction. There came a point when in winter, there were only about twenty to thirty people in Church, but he held it just the same. He often had to give the sermon in Church as there was no one else available. But he was a scholarly man and saw to it that the sermon was well prepared. One of his favorite topics was the quotation that he that conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh the city. He, like the little boy who had the stomach ache, on that point would have had inside informa-

tion.

At the time he was made bishop, tithing was still being paid in kind, which meant now that it was up to him to care for the tithing calves, feed tithing hay to an indigent widow's cow, watch the tithing potatoes to see that they did not get frozen, then sell them if a market could be found. Sometimes when there was a chance to sell some he really needed to sell his own instead, but the tithing ones were given the preference.

It was up to his wife to take in and care for butter, eggs, fruit and vegetables, which she did with good grace. It was a fortunate thing that she had a happy sense of humor. Though she did not have good health, she always looked for the funny side of all situations and made a joke of them.

One day a little old lady came to the tithing office with a pound of freshly churned butter, which she said did not wish to pay for tithing, but wondered if the bishop's wife would exchange it for another pound. "When I went to churn it," she said, "I found that a mouse had fallen in it, I didn't want to throw it away, so I churned it and thought you could change it for another one for whoever got it would not know about it. What one doesn't know won't hurt them." The bishop's wife said yes, she thought she could do that all right, so she took it into the pantry where she exchanged the wrapper for another one and took it back out to the little lady who took it gladly, for what one does not know won't hurt them.

When they first returned back home, they had no cattle. But over the years, Jeter bought up as many of the tithing calves as he could so before many years he had a fair sized herd. About 1900, his brother Orrin, who had built a huge ten room brick house on the same lot as his mother, moved to Lund, Nevada. The bishop traded his cattle for the house as his family had now grown to seven children. Five more were to follow.

The house was a huge one with big high ceiling both upstairs and down. The rooms were large, but with five girls to help they

succeeded in keeping them all carpeted with homemade carpets. Grandmother Gardner owned a very good loom made by grandpa. All the girls learned to weave and even little girls could learn to sew carpet rags, so each spring there was a new carpet to go on the parlor or dining room and the used ones could be put in the bedrooms.

Everyone in town knew about the upstairs rooms, there was the first room, the second room, Vera's room and the spare room. It was because of the spare room and the fact that this was the bishop's home that they often kept the traveler, as visitors were termed. They had some good stories about some of the folks who came to stay and enjoyed telling them. One man who everyone in the country knew was not too bright in the head, came to spend the night. As he started up the stairs, he turned and said, "Oh, if it rains please wake me up for I can't sleep when it rains." Another one who was not very financially affluent came just as the family had about finished dinner. Sister Snow set a place for him at the table, when it came time for the dessert, she said, "Which would you prefer for dessert, Brother So and So, chocolate cake or cream cake?" "Both, if you please, Sister Snow," he said with alacrity.

Because of the size of the family, they had a huge dining table with a number of leaves. During the hot summers in Dixie, they often had many visitors who came to escape the heat. One summer the table was set for twenty eight people, three times a day for a month. When the visitors left, they must have known what it was like to have a plague of crickets.

Dispite the fact that he left permanent employment and came back home where he had no visible means of making a living, he probably did not regret it for it gave him an opportunity to raise his children in an environment that helped them to become just the kind of people who he would have liked them to be. He lived to see the day when at one time his four sons lived in different places. His oldest son, Levi was a

member of the town board in Pine Valley, as well as a bishop's counselor; the second William, was a bishop of the ward he lived in, in Cedar City, and was chairman of the Co-ordinating Council in that place. Later William traded his business in Cedar for a farm in St. George, where he developed it into one of the most beautiful and best equipped farms ever seen. To use his own expression, when the ground became so valuable that he could not afford to keep it, he sold it to the Moore Business Forms for an astronomical sum. They placed their business there where it offers employment to many people. The third son, Clinton, built with the help of his sons, two of the biggest businesses in all of Dixie. He was mayor of St. George and the most influential member of the wards at Dixie College. The fourth son, George was mayor of Enterprise and also a member of the bishopric.

Three of his six daughters graduated from college and became teachers. Nora taught in Elementary School; Edna was one of the first women in the state to take a Ph. D. degree; LaRue was principal of a high school in Nevada for many years. Vera taught high school for a few years then married and had eight children, all of which graduated from the BYU and one son was recently appointed president of a mission in Virginia.

Ann, the oldest child, became the wheel horse of the family. Her mother suffered from ill health during the years she was having her family, so Ann assumed much of the responsibility for the home. She did not marry until late in life, but during the intervening years she found employment and did a great deal to help support the family. Too much cannot be said in appreciation for the care she gave her mother. Due to poor health Mira was unable to get the education the rest of the family had. But she inherited her grandmother's skill in weaving, and wove many beautiful rugs for people.

She was an ordinance worker in the St. George Temple for many years.

Down on the corner of Main and Lane

lived Robert Berry Gardner with his wife, Bernella, or R.B. and Nellie as they were called. This became an important place in town as shortly after they were married in 1884, he was appointed Postmaster. He held this position for thirty years. Two years later, he and his brothers started a general store in a building they constructed on the same lot. This building was something else. It was placed out flush with the street and about twenty feet east of the home. It was made of boards about one inch thick and a foot or fourteen inches wide, the cracks were covered with bats. Inside, it was lined with unbleached muslin, called factory, as it was woven in the old factory at Washington. When the wind blew, it would billow in the breeze as that one layer of boards failed to keep the wind out. There was a door and two front windows, but the door was seldom opened as the back door was more convenient. Inside, two counters ran nearly the length of the room, one for groceries and the other for dry goods. Against the south wall was the hardware. On the north, next to the door was a big tank for kerosene. R.B. was given the job of managing the store, but it soon became evident that the work fell to Nellie. And a wise choice it was, for she had real ability in choosing the right things to order. Her choice, especially in the dry goods, just suited her customers plus the fact that she had such a friendly disposition. In many ways she could have been classed with the great people of the world. A few short years after her marriage, she was stricken with arthritis, which continued to plague her for the rest of her life. But, in spite of it she went forward. Besides having nine children, she did most of the work of operating the store and the Post Office. Their house was built with a gable on the front with a long lean-to on the back, the east end of which was partitioned off to make a pantry. It had a window on the east, which they put on hinges, for this housed the Post Office as well as being a pantry. The window could be opened to give the townspeople their mail. As no regular clerk

was hired, when one wanted something from the store, they would go knock on the back door of the home, then Nellie would leave whatever she was doing, take the big key, which always hung right to the side of the kitchen door, and go out around the house to the back door of the store and wait on the customer. On mail days, it was convenient to go to get the mail then do one's shopping while there. Plus this, she often had guests for when customers came from the nearby ranches, she would ask them in to eat meals with her family. When the traveling salesman "Drummers" came, she housed and fed them, as there was no tavern in town. Sometimes the mail boy, that is the one who brought the mail in on horseback, would have a schedule that prevented his returning home after delivering the mail, so she kept him overnight also. One such, when he was an old man expressed his gratitude, for she made him feel so welcome and comfortable. Sometimes the mail schedule was such that the mail man did not get in until evening. In snowy weather he would be late arriving, then her house would be filled with neighbors keeping warm around her stove while they waited for the mail to come.

All the merchandise had to be brought from the railroad terminal at Modena or Lund, everyone in town knew when someone was going to get "the goods", it was an interesting event when they came. When the children grew old enough to help in the store, they were glad to help with the work of unloading the freight wagon and getting the new things on the store shelves; the village children enjoyed being spectators. Despite the primitive shoddy building, a useful and profitable business was carried on there for thirty years.

Along with operating the business and raising a family, Nellie was always active in Church activities, for the last sixteen years she lived in Pine Valley she was president of the Primary, which was one of the more interesting meeting places for the children. They were happily entertained each week,

plus often staging plays and operettas for the enjoyment of the towns people. Her daughter Bernella, was gifted in music and learned very early to play the organ, so she was accompanist, or organist for Primary for many years.

R.B. also loved music and for many years led the singing in both Church and Sunday School. He would reach in his pocket for his pocket knife to use as his baton.

When they moved to Cedar City in 1915, their Pine Valley training showed up. Bernella became one of the best known and useful musicians in the city, while the two youngest sons, Arthur and Fernleigh became bishops of the wards they lived in.

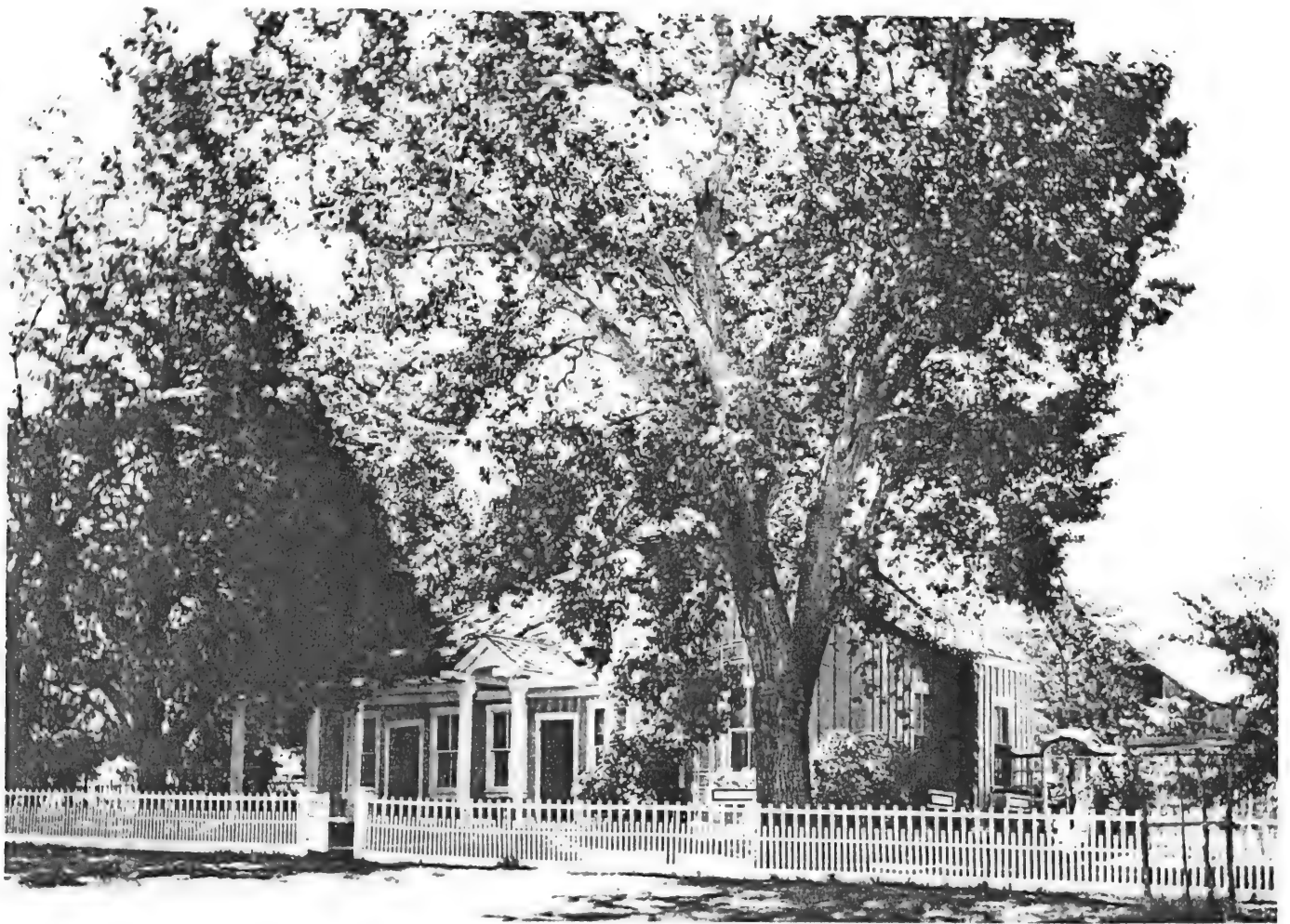
Arthur and Mamie worked in the bank for many years. Both of them went on missions. Mamie was one of the most loved persons in all the world. Everyone who ever knew her adored her. She took care of her crippled mother for many years and worked in the bank most of the time. She made things as pleasant and easy for her mother as she could before leaving for work. After her mother's death, when she was getting older, she married and moved to Escalante, where she was soon taken in and loved by all the town. She and her husband spent several years as ordinance workers in the Temple. During the latter part of her life, her health was not too good and she was the first of the crowd of girls she grew up with to die.

Bert, the oldest one in the family, was one of the first ones from Pine Valley to graduate from the University of Utah. After going on a mission to Germany he went to Cedar City and taught in the B.N.S. until her retired. He was injured by some electric wiring and died as a result.

Jessie had an operation at a very early age and was never very well again. She did all she could to help her mother with the house work. She married, had a number of children but her health grew worse and she finally died.

Thelma started to take training to become a nurse. She and I were the same age and grew up together. She was an excellent





The two front rooms of this house were the first house built in Pine Valley. It was built on the south side of Spring Branch by George Hawley. It was used for parties, dances, and weddings as well as for George's home. Brigham Young once came, with some church authorities, and held conference here. Bessie Snow lives in the house now, 1980.

student and graduated from B.A.C. She started to take training to become a nurse. She said to me, "The reason I didn't go on and accomplish as much as others in the family, I had to come home from nursing school because Mamie was called on a mission, Luree was at school in Logan and I had to come home and care for mother." She married, had several children and her daughter Celestia said to me, "A better mother than mine never lived."

Luree graduated from the A.C. in Logan, taught school for a number of years, married and had a family, then went back to teaching and taught Home Ec. until she retired. She and her husband are now ordinance workers in the St. George Temple.

Across the street from the Chapel lived Frank and Effie Harrison Snow, they married late but soon made up for lost time; they had three children in nearly three years. Then he went on a mission, leaving her with the babies, all three still in diapers, but she survived it. He had not been too active in Church before his mission, but on returning he did all he could to help with the responsibilities of the ward, as well as anything else that was going on in the town. They had three more children in rapid succession then after seven years had one more. In the meantime, he acquired more land, about doubling his farm. When in Spring of 1912, he died suddenly of an operation leaving Effie with seven children under 17 years of age to raise. At this she dropped all holds on everything else and concentrated on carrying out his oft repeated ambition that was to see that all of his children had a good education, a thing he had longed for deeply, but had not been able to get. The oldest son, Bruce, with the help of the other two brothers, Rodney and Spencer, took over the responsibility of running the farm and cattle. Few men have had more influence on the lives of their children than Frank Snow had on his. The children had loved him so deeply that they would not let him down; they proceeded to bend all efforts toward going to school and

by helping each other and working themselves. Being left without a father at such an early age, we all soon learned how to do many things that we otherwise would never have learned because we couldn't afford to hire them done. We girls became so efficient at hanging wall paper that we were called the "Milne Sisters." (Milnes were expert paper hangers) I used to say I think we could have made wall paper stick to fresh air. We did so many things about fixing the house that I think we could have built a new one all but the foundation.

Five of the seven children graduated from college. Virginia, the youngest, took secretarial training. Bruce remained on the farm. Rodney and Spencer became well known doctors in the cities where they practiced. Three of the girls Linna, Elizabeth and Bess became school teachers. Linna and Elizabeth taught in the grades, Junior High School, High School, and College. Bess followed her cousin and pal, LaRue Snow, into Nevada because they paid higher salaries there; but after finding some of the conditions she was forced to live under, it didn't take her long to realize that she preferred Utah soil to Nevada salaries. The following letter she wrote home soon after going out there will illustrate some of these conditions.

*Steptoe, Nevada*  
*Sept. 1, 1928*

*Dear Ma,*

*Well, I just got my things unpacked. Talk about Steptoe. I feel as if I'd had more than my toe stepped on. Holy smoke, you should see where I'm living. The country around here is fairly good looking with trees, mountains and alot of green grass, and thank heaven I can see McGill from here. Well, I must tell you where I'm living. If our 'Colt' [The Colt was our wash house - a little room Spence built out in the lot. I said it looked like the house had had a colt when he built it. So the family always called it the 'Colt.' ] was fastened on to my room I would fix it up for the parlor. When I first stepped*

into it, it was all I could do to keep from bawling. But the more I have looked around the funnier it looks. I have laughed for an hour. It is a lean-to log room lined with 49 pieces of factory - black and white, and green slabsided that even Alec Milne couldn't make paper stay on it. Back of the stove [and it has been polished - is not like ours] is a big hunk of tin so the house won't burn down. If I could do it and not get caught, I think I'd move it so the house would burn down.

I can see the sky through the ceiling. In fact, it doesn't have a ceiling or a roof. I suppose I'll have to crawl under the bed when it rains. The floor is like our grainery floor and has no carpet. The closet is an old table cover nailed to the wall. The curtains wouldn't make good strainers even. The bed looks like a sack of cabbage. The mirror #&°?!\$. Well if you can spare it send me a plow point or a five gallon can. When I get home next spring and look in the mirror I shall have to be introduced to myself, and just think I get it all for \$30.00 a month. [That is about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of my salary.] Lord, talk about coming to Nevada for money. I'd rather teach out in Grassy Flat for 40c a year than come here again. You should see the bottom of this chair I'm sitting on. Every time I stand up I'll have to stop and pick slivers out of my seat until I can get a cushion made.

Yet there is one thing. The woman is very nice to me and has given me the best she has. This room has her house cheated a mile. Theirs is a log room with no ceiling. One wall is burlap [commonly called gunny sack], wall number two is seven kinds of oilcloth, wall three a hole for a window, and the last wall is a row of coats and overalls. I didn't know such poverty and ignorance was to be found. Honestly, I believe I could pay them \$20 a month and they would never know the difference. She has two very goodlooking kids - one 9 months old and the other 18 months old.

She had a good vitaminy dinner, though there was plenty of protein on wings that

didn't seem to know what wings were for. I had to sit on my feet so the cats wouldn't. As I had seen a lot of these ranches before, I had planned on the worst thing I could think of. But I find that my imagination was very limited.

I met Mrs. Campbell and if she isn't smear the first I shall then have to admit I still have that to look forward to. I met Mrs. Jones just for a second so don't know her. But so far, she seems the nicest one here. I wish I could live with the Old Campbell folks. They have a nice cement block house.

Ma, you told me to be sure to pray. I don't know who I would pray to. If the Lord wasn't pushed out of here with the Indians, why he never was here at all. Besides, the God I worship is too well educated to settle down here. So the best thing I can think of is for you folks to pray for me back home.

I sure wish I had a car and I would live in McGill and drive back and forth. Fred says he will come and get me whenever he can. I have always been miserable, but now I have something to be miserable over. I am half a notion to build. I could build a nicer house than this for \$30.00. If I weren't in debt, I would beat this letter home.

I suppose Eula has gone hasn't she. I stopped in Panaca and saw Aunt Eliza Keele. She was real nice to me and tried to get me to stay to dinner. Don't be surprised if you hear I have killed myself. Hell couldn't be worse and there is a chance it might be better. Well, I must go hunt up the school house key and see what next I must face. I just have to walk two miles over to Campbells to get it. I bet I come home for Christmas if it costs \$1215 [my salary]. If I can pay my debt off before Christmas I shall come home then for good.

I bawl awhile, then laugh awhile then try to go unconcious. For gosh sakes, everyone of you write every day for the next nine months. I have spent the last two hours trying to think what I have done that such a curse should fall on me. Oh well, I must remember Christ was born in a stable but ended up on the cross.

*Yours longing for the cross,  
Bess*

The three of us who became school teachers always lived in Pine Valley as much as we could, coming back for summers, it has always been HOME and still is. We always felt like charter members of the gang we grew up with. Mother lived to be ninety and always said that the struggle had been worth the candle.

Up on back street near base of the mountain lived Ozro and his wife Maryetta Gardner. He was the youngest son of Robert and Jane Gardner, who was the daughter of William and Sally Snow, so he was the last Gardner to marry one of the Snow girls. Those weddings by that time must have been growing a bit monotonous, but no one seemed to mind. They were both especially good looking, regular features and attractive coloring, so it is not surprising that their children were also unsuallly good looking, no matter what the boys were wearing they looked well dressed. They had seven children although she suffered with the pernicious vomiting of pregnancy, and did not have very good health in all her long life. The first child, a little girl, died when but a few years old, a blow from which her mother never recovered. Another baby died in infancy leaving her family the smallest one in town. They had four boys and one more girl. This girl was to become almost a legend for she was one of the most beautiful girls ever seen. Hers was not the beauty of the flaring orchid but rather the soft beauty of a pansy; not the glitter of a diamond but the quiet glow of a pearl and the beauty went clear through. She was gentle and kindly but with a keen sense of humor and a subtle wit. About every man who saw her fell in love with her. The Apostle's sons, millionaire's sons, all and sundry came knocking at her door, but all went away sorrowing. Many wives realized that they had been a second choice, but she never married and no one knew why. Someone asked her once if she had ever counted the number who pursued

her. She modestly answered, "No, but mother did once, it came to something over thirty."

When she and the other children were of college age, the family moved to Provo where Maryetta's brother was a professor in the B.Y.U. where Margaret graduated from college. After filling a mission for the Church, she was one of the few women who ever taught in the seminaries of the Church. Her mother was not well, so when her father and brothers took up farms in Delta they moved there to live. She gave up her teaching to care for her mother, which she did beautifully for many years. She was a talented musician, learned early to play the organ and piano, so gave music lessons to many young people for many years. She was always organist for many of the wards where she lived. When she was very young, she was organist for the Pine Valley Sunday School. I shall never forget seeing her come into Sunday School one spring soon after she had returned from Provo where she had been at school. She was dressed in a dove colored tailored suit with a soft straw sailor hat of the same color, one straight spike of pink flowers stood up in front of the crown. Like Evangeline, when she passed it was like the ceasing of exquisite music.

When her parents were gone she lived alone caring for herself until she was eighty four when she died suddenly of a heart attack.

Her brother Archie went to Provo to school, married and moved to Delta when the family moved there. There he and his brother Fenton became farmers. Archie served two terms on the state legislature. Fenton, while driving to his farm, was struck by a train because of the sun glaring in his eyes. He was crippled for a number of years but recovered and went on with his farming. Several years later he was struck by a train in the same place and was killed. A brother Rex lived in Pine Valley where he farmed, and ran cattle. He loved horses as has been mentioned before. He had a jolly and pleasant disposition. He was ill for a short



time before he died.

Reed, the youngest member of the family, graduated from B.Y.U. then worked in a bank in Berkley, California until he retired. His son, David P. Gardner, is President of the University of Utah. One of his sons became a doctor. As most of his children moved to Salt Lake he went there to live after he retired and is still living there.

In 1884, a new family came to Pine Valley, Robert Gray came from Scotland where he had been converted to the Church. He brought with him a family of McMurtries, who were his sister's children, having paid their way across the ocean which took most of his money. He had been trained to prepare lathe for plastered houses, had never had any experience in farming, but when he came to Pine Valley he found he had to learn since everyone raised their own food. He succeeded in securing a small parcel of land and a team of horses to operate it along with some farming equipment but his first years were difficult indeed. In fact, there was part of the time when they were actually hungry. The town's people welcomed them but because they were well dressed and had some jewelry and other luxuries everyone thought they were well off, so did not help them as they did when they found the condition they were really in.

Robert had been left a widower before they left Scotland, so before they had been in Pine Valley very long, he married Marian McMurtie, the oldest sister of that family.

They soon demonstrated their Scotch thrift, in that day if a man did not have a farm and cattle to support himself and no steady employment there was always a crying need for freighting, so Robert did a lot of that as soon as he was able to get a team and wagon, but his farm was so small that he was unable to ever raise hay for his horses, he had to buy that.

Robert Forsyth moved to Rabbit Valley so the Grays were able to buy his house where they lived for twenty five years. It is fair to suspect that few houses ever enclosed more

heart break and agony. Marian gave birth to eleven children, all born in that house, eight of them preceeded her in death. The first one, a boy named for his father and crippled all his life, died when seven years old; the next, a girl, died when six years old of typhoid fever. Three babies died in infancy when but a day or two old. Another girl died when fifteen after a tonsilectomy; the youngest boy was nine when a childhood disease proved fatal. The second oldest girl grew up and married, gave birth to two children and died at the birth of the second one, a girl, whom they allowed to be adopted, but Marian raised the other one.

In 1909 things began to change for them. Down at the foot of the mountains about eight miles below Pine Valley was a wide open space fairly level that was called "Eight Mile Flat," several of the men in over crowded Pine Valley began to look at it with visions of what could be done with it if only there were water there. With pioneer thrift and ingenuity they went down and figured out a way they could transfer their water rights on the Santa Clara Creek, which they already owned, down to this flat. Several families moved down but Grays already knew how to get along in a small space. They homesteaded enough land that in a few years they were better off by far than they had been before and were able to buy a much larger and more comfortable house where Marian lived the rest of her life.

The two youngest boys, Matthew and Clyde were good workers and learned early to ride. Matt, as he was called, loved and enjoyed both horses and cattle and while yet young was hired by some of the cattle men to ride for them. He soon began to collect a herd of his own and when the forest service came into the country he secured one of the earliest permit rights. Clyde and their father also got small ones. By keeping a sharp look-out they were able to buy some other men's rights as they went out of the cattle business. In time they acquired a good sized herd.

When Robert first came to this country he had a yen for land, out north of Pine Valley was another wide open space called Grassy Flat, he looked at that with yearning eyes and sometimes walked the miles to just look at it and dream. He waited until Clyde was of legal age, twenty-one, then he and both of the boys filed for a hundred sixty acres each and homesteaded it, later bought another hundred sixty acres from a neighbor who was leaving the country, which gave them six hundred forty acres, almost all of the whole valley. They cleared and fenced it. There was no water there but at the time the weather was more predictable, there was a heavy snowfall each winter, so they raised dry land grain and some years had good crops. Some years they threshed wheat, oats, and especially rye, but when there came a series of dry winters they raised rye and cut it for hay, then when that was no longer successful they planted it to crested wheat which made good grazing for cattle.

In the first years they lived there they moved an old granery from Pine Valley to use for a camp house. Clyde and his wife, Violet Stucki, an industrious girl from Santa Clara, spent the first summers of their married life in this granary, but it paid off well for when the state Fish and Game Department opened up the mountains for deer hunting, men especially from California, flocked in by the hundreds. The Grays started the most successful deer camp in the area. Over the years they entertained many of these hundreds. Grassy Flat was one of the easiest places to get a deer as it was not so steep and rugged as the mountains around, and the deer were plentiful. For many years many men returned year after year and counted it the happiest time of their lives.

When the settlers first moved down from Pine Valley to the Eight Mile Flat which they named Central, they still retained their membership in the Pine Valley Ward, but in time they were separated and became an independent ward of their own. For four and a half years Clyde acted as bishop which

gave him religious training he had missed before, then when World War II broke out the young men who had been called as missionaries were taken into the military service, now older men were asked to go in their places. Clyde was called to go to California and went. When the mission President found that he had left a wife who had but one small adopted son at home he called Violet to go also. They spent two of the richest years of their lives there and on their return became most useful in the wards where they lived. The young son which they adopted, as they had no children of their own, proved to be an unusually brilliant and talented child, he was very active in school, so they bought a home in St. George where they could enjoy him during the winters. Sometime later they were called as ordinance workers in the St. George Temple, work they continued steadily for sixteen years both summer and winter, though they returned to Central each summer. On the days they were scheduled to be in the Temple they were there, almost without exception.

They enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing their son become director of the L.D.S. Institute at Dixie College as well as being made bishop of his ward for several years.

### ELI WHIPPLE

One of the men who had an important influence on the history of Pine Vally was Eli Whipple, though born in New York, when he was a young man he moved to Pennsylvania where he took up a farm and established a saw mill at which he must have been successful for he had money enough to carry out future plans. When he had been in Pennsylvania about ten years he was converted to the Mormon Church and four years later planned to go to California. He first sent his brother giving him enough money to start a business with the agreement that he was to have half of the profits. Three years later he took his wife, Patience and his three daughters Ann, Marian and Patience Emma, to California by

way of Panama, there they were carried by the natives over the mountains to the Pacific in chairs built for the purpose. Marian, a little girl of seven remembered it very well and in later life told her children and grandchildren about the adventure. A leather covered trunk which came with them is now in the possession of her great-granddaughter, Nell Malchus, one of her most prized possessions.

The family landed in Sacramento where the brother was already situated. They built three saw mills and prospered very well until they went too steep and went broke. In the meantime the Mormons had come out to Salt Lake, so in 1858 they started for Salt Lake by way of the Old Spanish Trail. It took them three months on the road. One day they camped at noon under some huge overhanging red cliffs not far from the present town of Gunlock. The girls took sticks and wrote their names on the rocks with tar from the wagon wheels, Marian, little dreaming that years later her husband and sons would still be able to see the names while they were riding for cattle.

They went on to Salt Lake, but settled in Provo where he again did well in the lumber business, but had not long to stay for three years later he was called to come to Dixie where there was a crying need for lumber men.

In his years in Pine Valley he was most useful, as well as operating his saw mill, a lathe mill and planing mill, he was very active in a public way. He was a counselor to Bishop William Snow. Being talented with words he spent much time writing poetry, at many of the programs he would read his compositions to the delight of the audience, as he often wrote about people there. He gave early evidence of being one who could make a good living for his family, and as Brigham Young had advised such men to take more wives and care for women in need of care, six years after coming to Dixie, Eli took another wife. She had been Caroline Lytle, a member of one of the Mormon families who had been sent to Carson City to

colonize. She had married a man named Peters and had two children, Edgar and Hattie. He had taken her to Salt Lake but he was often gone from home hunting or riding for cattle. When one of her brothers went there to visit her and felt that she was not being taken very good care of, suggested that she move to St. George where relatives would help her. She came and here married Eli. He took her to Pine Valley for the summers but left her in St. George for most of the winters. While in Pine Valley it was she who went to Cabin Valley on Whipple Mountain to operate the dairy he had there as his first wife, Patience, was much older and not as able to do so much hard work.

As it was the Mormon philosophy that one's reward in heaven was determined by the number of one's children, Eli with no doubt was pleased when Caroline presented him with five more children, but he was still more ambitious. When Sarah Jacobson had a younger sister move to town, he married Mary Jane Legg and raised another family. When the polygamists had to flee to Mexico Eli took Mary Jane and her children with him leaving Patience in Pine Valley and Caroline in St. George where her children cared for her for the remainder of her life.

Patience's daughter Marian and her husband, Bennet Bracken cared for her until her death. She was buried in Pine Valley.

Few of Mary Jane's family ever saw Pine Valley, but when they were grown some of them came for a visit. One Vira Herbert, spent a summer with her aunt Sarah Jacobson.

Eli died in Mexico at the age of 94 in 1904.

Caroline's son Edgar was nine years old at the time she married Eli. He seemed to get along well with his step father, for he took his name. Hattie retained her name of Peters until later she married her Uncle Mahonri Snow. He had married her mother's sister Cornelia Lytle, who died leaving him with two small children to care for; he hired Hattie to come keep house for them then later married her and had several more children.

Edgar when but eleven years old had a serious childhood disease which left him stone deaf, the way he adjusted to his handicap was nothing short of a miracle, he learned to read people's lips so he could talk to them. The truly beautiful relationship he had was with his wife, was something to write about, she could communicate with him even in the dark.

She was Jane Cooper, the daughter of William Cooper, who died when only 31 years old leaving his wife with two small children, Jane and her brother, James. The mother moved to Pine Valley and did anything and everything to make a living, took in washings, did housework, gleaned in the fields in the fall or anything she could. As Jane grew up she helped her all she could. Since she was so poverty stricken and he was deaf it is not surprising that they became close friends early. When she was but sixteen they were married. By dint of hard work and intelligent scheming they made a good living for their eleven children. He had a small farm, some cattle, worked in the saw mills and owned an interest in one at one time. Four of their first five children were girls so they also helped all they could. When Nellie Gardner was so crippled with arthritis that she could not do all of her work they helped her. They did her laundry for years, which was a blessing for both of them.

They lived straight across the street from Reuben Gardner, when he built his new brick house they built one almost exactly like it. The two homes still are standing in pretty good repair.

As time went on and Edgar saw seven sons growing up, he recognized a most demanding need for more land, and hearing of some east of New Harmony that could be homesteaded, he went into partnership with Albert Mathis of New Harmony and they took up a claim. He moved his family to that village for winters for three years. The children were welcomed with opened arms by the young people there and two of them married there, Lulu to Albert Mathis and

Ruth to Lawrence Prince. Jesse, the second boy, was just in his mid-teens but fell in love with a beautiful young girl and married her, much against the will of her parents who soon broke up the marriage. She got a divorce and was granted alimony. Jesse was so young that he had no property or even a job so he, like many other such men, looked for a place out of state to avoid the alimony. He found employment in Logandale, Nevada where he was very favorably impressed with the climate. After living in Pine Valley with the short seasons and cold winters he was surprised to see such long growing seasons. A good farm came up for sale, he came home at once to persuade his father to buy it. Edgar soon gave up his plans for Harmony and purchased the farm and soon moved his family to it. It proved to be a very wise choice with all his growing boys to help with the work. They raised cantaloupes on a commercial scale for a time and soon became far better off than they had ever been before. As the boys grew older they were able to find employment on the railroad, a happy experience for them. As they grew to maturity Jesse got a farm of his own and became really successful. At one time he raised nurse stock, especially tomato plants. The business was so large that he and some of his co-workers purchased their fertilizer by the car load, he became one of the most prominent men in the area. Rueben also became a farmer; Leroy became a bookkeeper, and Reed while very young went to work in the bank as a clerk and spent the rest of his business life in banking, working his way up to the position of president of the institution.

Though the Whipples improved their lot a great deal by moving away they did not forget their happy years in Pine Valley. After good roads were built everywhere and means of travel became so easy they returned, many times for family reunions on Labor Day, and thoroughly enjoyed their visit.

By the 1890's some of the first children born in the valley were grown up and



married and started families, among these was Nathaniel "Nat" Gardner. He was a son of Robert by a wife who never lived in Pine Valley. She left Robert and established a business of her own, as she said she could make a better living for herself than he was able to provide for her. Nat purchased a small farm but did not go into the cattle business as his brothers did, but made his living largely by freighting. He and his wife, Rose, raised their children in Pine Valley where they grew up closely associated with cousins in the village until the older ones reached high school age so they moved to Cedar City so they could finish their education. This was a wise decision to make for they lived a much richer and fuller life than they had ever lived in Pine Valley. Nat now became the city marshal a position he held for ten or twelve years. After that he became a special agent in the security for the Union Pacific Railroad. He worked there until he retired at the age of 74. Rose held every office open to women in the church both on a ward and stake level. She was also the first trained Social Worker in Iron County. She went to the U. of U. for her training.

Ercle, the oldest daughter, graduated from the B.A.C., taught school one year, in Konosh, where she met and married Lee Hopkins. Then she went to the U. of U. and in bits and pieces, by correspondence, night classes, and summer school received her degree. She taught for 45 years in the Salt Lake area. She gave cultural lessons in Relief Society for years and still gives lessons in D.U.P. which she has been doing for 20 years.

Thurlow, the oldest son, did not graduate from high school but worked for the Union Pacific Railroad until forced to retire because of poor health.

Lucile the next daughter graduated from B.A.C., married Lewis Williams, moved to Salt Lake City then like her mother worked

in every woman's organization in the church both ward and stake levels and was very active in Women's League of voters and also in D.U.P. on the state level.

Ella, the youngest, also graduated from B.A.C. and for years ran a gift shop in Bryce and Zion Canyons. Later she worked in J.C. Pennys in Salt Lake until she married and moved to California.

Ralph the youngest son graduated from B.A.C. then went to Logan and graduated from the A.C. where he became a member of the "Aggie" Basket Ball Team. A detailed account of him is given on the pages of pictures.

The smallest family was also one of the most important. That was Henry and Carrie Jacobson who had just one son, Alma, but Carrie made up for the lack of size by her most outgoing personality. She was like water, wherever there was a low place she automatically flowed in. The following gives a picture of her as one of the neighbors saw her.

One of the joys of our lives was when Carrie came to call. She was no blood kin of ours but she was one of our closest and best friends. She and Ma were just like sisters only more so. They were cut off from the same piece of goods. She lived a block back of our barn in a little house set in an apple orchard surrounded by a green meadow, nestled at the foot of a hill, known as "Carrie's Hill" to everyone in the valley. There she lived with her husband, Hen, and her only child, Almie, who was the apple of her eye. He and my brother, Bruce, were the same age and were good friends. When Carrie came to call, the whole family stopped work and came to listen. She was as good as going to a picture show. The strange part about it was that her experiences and travels had been so very limited. She had never been farther away from Pine Valley than to Cedar City, and St. George, which

were about 40 or 50 miles away, and a few trips out to Rabbit Valley and up north to Alpine and Delta to visit her sisters, Zona and Emily, and her brothers Alfred, Edgar, and Irvin.

She always announced her arrival by her hacking cough. She was the sort of a neighbor who slipped in the big back gate and came in the kitchen door. She came just as she was regardless of the time of day. She might be in her Sunday best or wearing one of Almie's old hats. It made no difference to her or us. We felt free to go to her place dressed in similar fashion. She was the kind of neighbor who brought over a dozen eggs or a pound of butter if our hens weren't laying and the cows hadn't yet been turned into the pasture. If her garden happened to be a little bit earlier than ours, she was sure to bring over some little green onions or a mess of green peas. Ma did the same for her. When Pa killed the pig in the fall, Ma always sent one of us up to Carrie's with a mess of spare ribs, some tenderloin, backbone and sausage. She did the same for us. If Carrie's cauliflower failed to head before frost, and ours was good, Ma gave Carrie a head so she could make her mixed pickles. It was taken for granted that Carrie was to get her jelly apples from our Little Black Apple tree, in fact most of the town did that. Whenever Ma's yeast went sour or "run-out" (whatever that means) she sent one of us children to Carrie's, with some sugar in a tumbler, to get a start. Ma figured that Carrie's yeast could be counted on to be 99 and 44/100% pure. If Carrie's yeast went sour she sent Almie to our place for a start. If we had unexpected company and were short of bread, we always knew we could get a fresh loaf from Carrie. She was an exceptionally good bread maker. Uncle Nat Gardner used to say she could make better bread from poor flour than the average person could make from the best grade flour at the grist mill.

Whenever she ran in, whether it was on

an errand or to make a call, she never stayed less than an hour. She would get up, start out, open the door, think of something else, and come back and sit down. Her stories were always about the simplest household happenings but told in the most amusing and entertaining fashion imaginable. She moved her hands, raised and lowered her voice in the most expressive manner. She was so thoroughly interested in her own experiences that she held the attention of all around her. She told the simplest everyday occurrences with all the pep and enthusiasm in the world. She would come in and start:

"My land, I thought I never would get to Relief Society today. Irvin came up this morning, on Old Phyllis, to get Almie to go up to Cox's field with him. I told him he could go but I wanted him to put on a clean shirt first, because I was going to wash and wanted to wash that one he had on. They had to go up to the lot to catch Prince. Hen turned him in there because he thought the feed was better. I declare, I never saw the beat of those two young ones. I could hear them still laughing and carrying on clear down past Nat's barn. Then I had to fix a lunch for Hen to take up in the Mahoganies with him. Royal Hunt sent word last night, just before dark, that there was a poor critter of ours down up there. Hen knew I was going to wash, but he climbed on Old Bay and rode off without drawing one single drop of water for me, and I haven't washed for two weeks. He left me without one single stick of wood and he knew I had bread to bake. By the time I got my dough in the tins, and gone back to the calf pen and dug out a few bits and chunks of wood that I could break up, it was quarter to nine. Then I had to put my wash water on after that time of day. By the time I got that on and the fire was going good, my dough was too light. It was simply ruined. I didn't know if we'll be able to eat the bread or not. After I got the bread in the oven, I found that Hen had gone and left the gate open and the cows and calves had got together. I doubt if we get a

single drop of milk tonight. Old Pet came poking herself through the front gate and stepped right in the middle of my flower garden and mashed the pinks flat. She was feet as big as a tub. I feel like I could beat Hen when he does things like that. Well, by the time I got the cows and calves separated, I was plum worn out and the sweat was fairly dripping off from me. When I finally got back to the washing, the fire was out and I had to build it up again. Then it seemed that we had an extra dirty wash. I swan, Hen's drawers were so dirty where he pokes his hands in between them and his shirt, that I had to almost rub holes in them to get them clean. They still looked kinda grimy so I spread them out on the grass to whiten them a bit. My tablecloths and dishtowels were horrid they were so stained. (Her dishtowels looked like most people's sheets.) I bought two bits worth of seedless grapes and a few Elberta peaches from that peddler that was up from Clarie last week. I warned Hen and Almie not to put the stems on the tablecloth, they stain so, but Hen's worse than a young one when it comes to things like that. Of course, you can't keep dishtowels looking like anything when you are bottling fruit. You know that blue apron I made with the little green figure in it? It wasn't a bit of good. That was the poorest piece of goods I ever saw. When I washed it, it faded like the very dickens, and I paid a bit a yard for it. It seems like you can't get gingham and calico worth shucks anymore. It's not worth packing home from the store. Well, by the time I got the coloreds hung out and the tubs emptied, I looked up and here came Hen sauntering back for his dinner, after all the bother I'd gone to fixing up a lunch. He mumbled something about meeting Jim and deciding not to go after the critter. Instead of coming back to give me a lift, he just sat down by Jim's gate and wasted the whole morning smoking. When I got back to the kitchen, what did I find? A gust of wind had come around the corner and blown the screen door back, and that darned Old Brock had come in and stuck her head right in the

kitchen door and eaten the washcloth right out of the washdish. I felt like beating the old softie.

Then I had to stop and fix a bite of dinner for Hen and Almie. I just boiled a few potatoes, fried a bit of meat, (Hen thinks he hasn't had dinner if he hasn't had meat.) I warmed over a bit of dried corn we had left over from dinner yesterday, made a rice pudding, brewed a pot of tea, and opened a bottle of blue plum preserves. I told them they would have to make out the best they could on that because I didn't have time to stop and fix a big hot meal after all I'd done."

"By the time I got the dinner work done up, the floor scrubbed, and my bath over with, I was ready to drop in my tracks. My feet hurt until I felt like I could never make it to Relief Society. I don't know what ails these shoes. I had to cut a hole in this one by my little toe on this left foot. They are the same size I always wear. I generally wear a four and a half but I'm sure they are fives. My, but they look big don't they? Sears must have made a mistake. They are just like those I ordered a year ago just before I went up to Emily's. My, but they were high. I paid \$2.79 for them. (She wieghed from 180 to 190 pounds and was very proud of her small feet for a woman her size.) My but I had a big churning yesterday morning. Old Polly sure is a good milker. I got 4 pounds of butter just from one little kettle of cream."

She would pick up a fork, reach over and try Ma's mixed pickles that she had just finished making. "My Effie haven't you got too much mustard in these pickles? They taste awfully strong. Maybe it's the mustard. I noticed that last can I got over to Nellie's store was real strong. "The story of Hen's drawers had us all interested, and the story of Brock and the washcloth had us all in tears of laughter.

She was the very best neighbor anyone

ever had. Whenever anyone in town had a new baby, sickness, or death in the family, Carrie was right there with both sleeves rolled up and pitching into whatever needed

doing. She didn't sit down and cry with them. She mopped the kitchen floor, baked the bread, washed the children's dirty faces and did the washing and ironing.



After the food is gone, the tables cleared away and folks settle down seeking the most comfortable position to relax, the women gather aside for the usual obstetrical and geneological discussions. L to R

are 'Liz Beckstrom; Emma Snow, wife of the dairyman; her mother-in-law Effie Snow, Philene Hall; Carrie Jacobson; and Laverne Cox, wife of the bishop; and her youngest daughter.



## Chapter 2

### RECREATION

As the above families were growing up in the years from about 1880 to the early 1900's it was the gayest period of the town's entire history. There were enough people to make a social gathering interesting so plenty of them were arranged for.

The stage was not allowed to lie idle. A dramatic company was organized and plays produced each winter. Marcellus "Sell Bracken", who never took a painting lesson in his life, painted a curtain for the backdrop drop of the stage. This was used and prized for many years. He also was talented in dramatics and frequently took main parts. Ellen Jones, first wife of Fred Jones, the village rock mason, usually coached the plays. When a play was staged it was a glorious event and no one, who was not bedfast wouldn't think of missing one. Lines from the plays and some of the characters were quoted in the village for years to come. For a generation anyone with unkempt hair or a wind-blown look was called "Crazy Meg." In later years Ida Bracken, who was musically inclined helped with many plays and operettas.

### CHRISTMAS

Christmas in our lives, as in the lives of all our children since Christmas first began, was the crowning event of the year. We began counting the days until Christmas the minute we swallowed the last bite of our Thanksgiving dinner. We all talked about the things we hoped Santa would bring us. For the last week or two before Christmas, they kept Aunt Nellie's store locked after school so the parents could do their Christmas shopping in peace without being

molested by all the children in town. We children would try the knob and kick the door until someone would finally come and peek out. They would tell us that Santa was in there shopping and he wouldn't bring us anything if we peeked in. Many of us longed for presents that never came. Many of our presents were clothes.

The mothers and the older girls of the families spent the day before Christmas scrubbing and cleaning house, and getting food ready for Christmas dinner. Chickens had their heads cut off and hung on the clothes line to bleed. Then they were scalded and we children often picked the feathers off to get them ready to have their insides removed. Each child tried to be the first one to speak for the wish-bone. The chickens were made into soup instead of being roasted. Plum puddings were often made with peaks on them and the children would speak for the peak. This was the time for fried cakes now called dough nuts.

We children often got new shoes for Christmas but received them the day before so we could break them in for the Christmas dance. Those old dances were fun. They were held in the early evening so we could be home in bed before Santa came. We hated to go to bed early for fear we might miss something, yet we longed to go so that morning would hurry up and come. We didn't have Christmas trees but hung our stockings on nails near the fireplace. We lay awake most of the night but got up early and made a dash for the living rooms to see what Santa had left in our stockings. Many of the presents were clothes as well as toys. We all

knew that there would be candy and peanuts in the toes. As soon as we found what Santa had left in our stockings we all hurriedly dressed and ran to the neighbors to see what Santa had left for them. We loved to see who could slip over to the other people's place first, pop the door open, stick our heads in and yell, "Christmas Gift."

The outstanding Christmas of all was one they held over in the meeting house for the whole town. This was held on Christmas Eve. The parents and grown-ups spent the day decorating a big pine tree that the men had brought from the canyon. They put it on stage and kept the curtains drawn so the children couldn't see it. It seemed that day would never end. The children put on their Sunday clothes and new shoes. The girls wore their hair in ringlets or braided half way down with bows of ribbon at the end of the braids, and the rest hanging loose half way down their backs.

We thought the meeting house looked grand at night. There was coal oil lamps, with reflectors, at each window, and two big bright shining chandeliers hanging from the ceiling with four lamps in each. The long stove pipe going from the large heater in the center of the room up through the ceiling would often be red hot. The benches were set around the walls, the floor was made slick with candle shavings.

When the crowd arrived at the meeting house, they hung their coats and caps on the pegs on the wall, and kicked their overshoes and leggings under the benches. The women's and children's were hung in one corner and the men and boys in another. The babies were put to sleep on the benches.

When they arrived each of the young people joined the crowd they ran with. The young swains, of dancing age, sat on the east side of the building and the young belles on the west. The parents and young children sat on the north and south sides. The dances of that day were the waltz, the two step, polka, schottisch, and quadrille. While Bill Bracken, the fiddler, was getting his fiddle tuned up, Bruce Snow, Rass

Fernleigh, and Rex Gardner, Alma and Irvin Jacobson, Mar Bracken, and Clyde Gray; and the group of older dancers would get their heads together to decide which girl to choose for a partner. Then trying not to look self-conscious, they would cross the floor in groups of twos and threes and ask Ivie and Ercle Gardner, Myrtle Bracken, Vera Snow and Nina Burgess, etc. for the next dance. They would return to their seats and wait for the announcer to call out which dance they were going to have. When the music began the announcer would call out, "Fill up the floor for a waltz" or whatever dance tune Bill had begun to play. The boys would cross the room, take their partners by the arm and then walk around the room until it was filled up.

Bill would play his fiddle keeping time with his foot and swaying his body. Round the room they sailed laughing and talking. There were no "Wall Flowers" in those dances. It was fun to watch the dancers. Bruce always lifted his right foot up high before he started a two - step, and went sailing away. Matt Gray and Neil Whipple would get together and make their hands and arms go up and down like a pump handle when they danced. Rose Gardner and Lawrence Bracken would almost sit down, they bent so low when they went on for a scottische. Some of us younger children would get out on the floor and lumber around until we were knocked down by some grown dancer sailing around. Then our parents would rush forward, yank us from the floor, brush the dirt from our clothes, wipe our streaming eyes and noses and tell us to keep our seats and behave ourselves.

When the announcer called "Fill the floor for a quadrille," the young people kept their seats and the married folks hurried out and filled the corners. Uncle Jeter Snow, who was short, would stand on a bench and call the changes for these as they swung around. Bill would make his fiddle fairly dance while his whole body swayed to the rythm of the music. Effie Snow, my mother, would sail

forth on the arm of Sell Bracken. Uncle Jode Burgess, short, fat and round would claim Aunt Celestia Gardner for his partner. Uncle Johnny Gardner, beaming gaily over his long red silky beard, would stroll to his seat with Aunt Emma Burgess. We younger ones enjoyed watching these. I can still see Aunt Celestia Gardner with her long skirts billowing out how smoothly and gracefully she sailed around. One would have thought she was a ballet dancer on wheels.

On this particular Christmas night, they danced for a short time then made us all sit down. A bench was placed in front of the stage for the children to sit on, and the curtain was rolled up. I am sure heaven will look tame to the side of it. It was the grandest sight we children had ever beheld. The tree was a mass of toys, lighted candles, and tinsel. All the children let out Oh-h-h-s and Aw-w-w-s strong enough to extinguish all the lights in the building. There were toys of all sorts and descriptions. But right in front were two big dolls just like my sister, Liz, and I had always longed for. One had flaxen hair, pink shoes, stockings and a sash. The other had auburn hair, blue shoes, stockings and sash. We all stood open mouthed and dumb for a minute, then such a chattering and whispering one never heard. We began to guess who was going to get what. We all agreed that the two big dolls were for Helen and Effie Gardner because they always got the nicest things of any of us children. We children were almost nervous wrecks before they started taking the things off from the tree. Finally someone shouted that Santa and Kris Kringle were coming. Our heads all turned as if they were controlled by one neck. Sure enough in they came and marched up on stage. We girls were all spell bound and breathless waiting to see who got the two big dolls. Then Santa, who was Rose Gardner dressed up, stepped forward and took off the big doll with the auburn hair and called out, "For little Bessie Snow." I was rendered dumb for a second. I was never so astonished in all my life. I whirled, ran and ducked my head

under Pa's coat. He pulled me out and tried to get me to go after it but I was afraid because everyone was looking at me. By this time Liz had gone and got it. Then I nearly had a stroke because I thought they had given it to her because I wouldn't go get it. I was never happier before or ever expect to be again than I was when Liz brought that doll and laid it in my arms. Then I learned that the other big doll, with the flaxen hair was for her. It was a red letter day in our lives.

#### JULY, THE FOURTH & TWENTYFOURTH

The Fourth and Twenty-Fourth of July were days we looked forward to. Those were the days we got new shoes and dresses. The girls would have their hair done up in curl papers or rags for ringlets. The boys perched on a high chair or stump, with one of their mother's aprons wrapped around their sholders, while their fathers shingled their hair. We went over to Aunt Nellie Gardner's store, when the new goods came in, to look over the array of candy, pop corn, fans, gum, marshmallows, bananas, licorice whips a yard long, caps, and firecrackers; boxes of black headed pins that changed color when you sucked the black off, and tried to figure out how far we could make a dime stretch.

The Sunday before the celebration Uncle Jeter Snow, the bishop, would announce in Church the program for the celebration. He would say, "The cannon will be fired at daylight by Lieut. Matthew Gray and the flag will be raised at daylight by Capt. Erastus Snow Gardner.

The night before the celebration it was the custom of all the children of the same age and sex to sleep together. We loved Aunt Alice Snow's deck best of all. Neil Armstrong's view of the moon was mild in comparison to lying in bed on Aunt Alice's deck and watching a full moon rise over the top of Pine Valley Mountain. We were awakened the next morning by the firing of the cannon. The first blast would bring us all up simultaneously frightened half out of our

wits. Then an argument would follow as to which one woke up first. We bounced out of bed, donned our clothes, and each child gathered up his or her pillow and camp quilt, that had been part of the company bed, and headed home to get ready for the celebration. The flag would be raised just as the sun came over the mountain and shone on Forsythe Peak.

We would eat our breakfast hurriedly, get arrayed in our new clothes, have the curlers taken out of our hair to be ready for the celebration, and dash over to Aunt Nellie's store to spend our dime.

The girls always spent one nickel for the beautiful pink popcorn bars wrapped with a green tissue paper with a lovely Japanese fan fastened to it. We generally spent the other nickel for gum. That was the only time we could have bought gum. The rest of the year we got it from the pine trees out on the Cedar Hill, or our fathers brought us squaw bush gum when they returned from a spring drive. The boys spent one nickel for caps or firecrackers and the other for gum.

Soon the white tops could be seen coming over the Grass Valley Ridge to the celebration. Chads would come over the St. George Ridge with their first load of fruit and vegetables to peddle and attend the celebration. The young people would ride around town on hayracks and sing, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" and "The Years With Their Coming and Going." The wagons would be trimmed with red, white and blue bunting that had been rained on so the colors ran together. It never failed to rain on the Fourth and Twenty-Fourth.

Soon the parade would form with Reuben Gardner leading with big drum, R. B. Gardner, Sell Bracken and Oz Gardner would follow with fifes, and Stanly Calkins would bring up the rear with the little drum. They marched through the town and over to the program in the meeting house. All the children in town followed after them like the throng at the heels of the Pied Piper.

In the meeting house red, white and blue streamers would be twisted and running

from the chandeliers in the center of the room to the doors and window frames. Red white and blue bunting covered the speakers table, the organ and stage curtain. When the program started Pete Beckstrom always prayed, Uncle Jeter Snow gave the speech of the day, Ida Bracken sang, Rene Rencher gave a humorous reading, and Hen Holt came forth with an oration. One of the Chaddie boys fiddled a solo. Then the congregation stood up and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" if it was the fourth; and "Come Come Ye Saints" or "Utah Star of the West" if it were the Twenty-Fourth.

After the program everyone rushed home to get dinner over with so they could get back to the sports. There was always company for dinner. Our Grass Valley relatives were over and the Dixie-ites would come up to get out of the heat.

For dinner we usually had our first mess of green peas or string beans. Chaddies brought watermelons and peaches for peaches and cream. There would be mashed potatoes, creamed dried corn, apple pies and cream cake. We children weren't so interested in dinner that day. We were too anxious to get out of doing dishes, and get over to the sports.

Soon the crowd would gather on the public square. There would be small boys and girls stuck up with hard tack and gum. The next size boys would be lighting firecrackers to throw in front of the little girls to frighten them and get them to chase them. The middle sized boys would be perched on the gate posts and lyceum cellerway, dropping rocks down on caps to make them pop. The teenage boys would be riding around on horses trying to be both seen and heard. The young swains, with their girl friends, trying not to look self-conscious, would stroll across the square and sit on the benches in the shade of the cottonwood trees. The young ladies would be decked out in lace, ribbons, sashes and hats decorated with plumes and flowers that looked like artificial funeral wreaths. After the sports were well underway, the mothers would arrive pant-



ing, all out of breath, and perspiring from the work of putting away the last dish or bit of food after cooking a big hot company dinner over a red hot stove, and serving it to their own family, twelve invited guests, and that many more uninvited ones. They would draw their handkerchiefs from their belts, wipe their hot foreheads, and sweep the stray wilted locks from the back of their necks with their back combs, put the comb back in place, and adjust a few wire hair pins in their bobs on top.

For the sports, the younger children ran races for peanuts and candy, mostly peanuts. The mothers hammered spikes into planks, and rolled eggs and potatoes through the loose dirt for a new comb or pickle dish. Ma, Sarah and Carrie Jacobson generally won these spike contests because they had more practice than the others. The middle size boys and girls, after an hour of coaxing, sweaty hand pulling, and stubborn heels being bored into the loose dirt, would finally be induced to race for arm garters, hankies and harmonicas. The teenage boys tilted. This was done by racing a horse around the square and trying to knock a hoop off from a projecting pole by thrusting a long stick through it. The teenage girls pretended to run. They took short steps and giggled, fluttered their hands, and tried to attract as much attention as possible. The teenagers were awarded pocket knives, "speckled dick socks", hair ribbons, and embroidery hoops.

Next the married men stood the single ones in a game of baseball. Most of the married men ran home first to slip their overalls on over their Sunday pants to save their wives a cleaning job, or as I strongly suspect, to escape a scolding. The wives and young ladies sat on the side lines and waved their handkerchiefs and shouted. Frank Snow, Reuben Gardner and Pete Beckstrom were good at batting the ball. The children would stand in awe when they batted a ball clear over the tithing barn down into back street. Some of the boys sat in the shade of the tithing granary and kept tally by cutting

notches in a stick. They also kept the players supplied with water in a brass bucket from our well across the street.

When the children's interest would lag, a few sympathetic grownups, like Nellie Gardner, would take us into the meeting house and get someone to play the organ while they tried to conduct a children's dance. Eventually things would begin to lag and people would start to straggle homeward, over to the store, gather in groups in the shade of an orchard or settle down in someones living room.

Now the shoes that had been shining and new in the morning would be covered with dust; stiff sashes and hair ribbons would be limp and untied; and white shirts and dresses would be ready for Monday's wash. Neatly braided and curled hair would be unbraided and the curl gone. It was difficult to get the cows from the pasture, and the milking done and the supper work over with. When night finally came, tired exhausted children would be put to bed while the young people would doll up and go back to the meeting house for a dance.

Sometimes instead of a program in town, everyone would fill dishpans and clothes baskets with baked beans, roast chicken, stacks of pies and cakes, pickles, preserves, bread and butter. They would put them into wagon boxes where quilts had already been spread over hay. Here food, children and grownups were packed in to jolt over rough dusty road, dugways, and creek beds to spend the day in the canyon celebrating under the pines. Here the men would catch trout for dinner from the mountain streams. On these trips we children would watch for Lan's field and Brown's Point to loom into sight. Camp quilts were spread out on the ground covered with pine needles where the food was spread out and the people sat around to eat. We played games under the pines. I remember one year that some of the boys were fishing and caught a large trout. When they pulled it out of the water they found a large water snake had swallowed the lower half of it. Of course, they pulled the

fish free, and I can still remember they didn't fry the water snake.

There were two things we never took, potato chips and salads. The only chips we were familiar with were the ones our mothers sent us to the wood pile for chips to start a fire. Salads hadn't yet come into the world. If anyone had mentioned Jello in our presence, we would have said, "What's that?" The first time I ever heard about salad was when my cousin William Snow went down to Mesquite or Bunkerville with his father. He came back and told us that his father took him to a place where a woman fed them their dinner. She gave him some potato salad and he didn't like it so he ate it as fast as he could to get rid of it. When the woman saw how fast he ate it she evidently thought he liked it so gave him a second helping.

### PINE VALLEY

#### HOME COMING CELEBRATION 1925

--by Nellie Snow Gardner

SAWMILLS: Burgess Brothers, Eli Whipple, Lorenzo Brown.

MILLERS: Henry Heath, Charles Bennet.

ARCHITECTS: Ebenezer Bryce, William Nicholas.

FRUIT GROWERS: George and John Hawley, William Wadley.

SHOEMAKER: Isreal D. Alphin.

TANNER: Peter Jacobson.

BAND LEADER: Gus Keele.

BISHOPS: Robert Gardner, William Snow, Fredrick Jones, William Gardner, Jeter Snow, Erastus Gardner, Malin Cox.

"I'll tell you of a Twenty-fourth of long ago  
When Pine Valley had glorious times livelier  
than you know

We had a fine old martial band that played  
some fine old tunes

And roused the patriotic fire practising in  
June

We heard the cannon booming loud at day  
break in the morn

And as the sunlight tipped the hills the flag  
afloat was borne

It floats so proudly on the breeze, the red,  
white, and blue

Deep within the hearts of all is patriotism  
true

Gus Keele then led the band boys forth to  
serenade the town

There followed soon a grand parade, 'twas  
led by Marshall Brown

Meeting came at ten o'clock and everyone  
was there

Harrison Burgess was chaplain and offered  
fervent prayer

Cyrus Hancock led the singing and music  
swelled the air.

William Sargent then did give an oration  
that was grand

It aroused the love of Utah in the hearts of  
every man

Grandpa Burgess sang a song that told of  
long ago

Of how the Mormons crossed the Plains  
amid the ice and snow

Then as he ended this old song we heard the  
Old Refrain

"Hard Times Come Again No More" ore  
and ore again

And after toasts responses and tune

People dispersed until afternoon

And at the sports in the afternoon a big  
sham battle was fought

With Captain Forsythe and Cowley in lead

As each other's lives they sought

It made the blood tingle to see the swords  
flash

And see the men fall as the bayonets crash

Capt. Forsyth soon put Capt. Cowley to  
route

And the audience cheered as they ended  
their bout.

Then climbing of the greasy pole, a lively  
game of ball

A long to be remembered race was seen by  
Slade and Hall.

At night they danced the Monkey Musk and  
every kind of reel

The ladies skirts were full enough they could  
easily move their feet

They danced Quadrilles, and waltzes with nimble steps and fleet."

In the period following the opening of the B.N.S. in Cedar City and the Dixie College most of the young people went to one of these places to school. In the summers their school friends or sweethearts often came to spend the 24th. No matter where they were from all joined together and became one jolly crowd for the week they were here. Many of them have said since that it was about the happiest time they ever had in all their lives. It was one place where Dixie and B.A.C. met on neutral ground so felt no rivalry. As soon as the 24th was over the "Mountain Trip" followed when every young person from 16 to the oldest bachelor went into the canyon up to the old Camp Ground and camped for the better part of a week. In preparation some of the boys went to Grass Valley Mountains to collect all the saddle horses that had been turned out to graze since the spring round-up so there would be a horse for nearly everyone. They took mountains of food and cooked over a camp fire, the boys who had been trained over a bake oven while on the Drive doing much of the cooking. They played charades around the camp fire at evening, played games or pitched pennies in the daytime, but mostly the days were spent making side trips by horseback to Cabin Valley or Peter's

Leap or other side trips up the mountains. From the very top of the mountains one could see from Modena on the north to the San Francisco Peaks in Arizona to the south. From one point it was possible to count the windows of the Temple with the aid of a field glass. All the towns in the county looked almost close enough to be able to throw a rock on them. If anyone went far enough to the north the buildings on the campus of Cedar City were plainly visible. In the beautiful valleys that opened up at intervals on the mountain top the grass was up to a horse's knees in the wet seasons, it was fun to lope through them after the steep climbs it took to get to them.

One year there were enough horses to go to all who wanted to go on the mountain, but not enough saddles. Young George Ashton of Salt Lake was there with his Jones cousins from Cedar City. He offered to be the gentleman and take a horse with no saddle. The experienced riders knew enough not to offer, but he didn't. He gamely stuck it out to the blistered end but when someone asked him on his return how he got along on the steep places he said, "I pulled the horse's mane out going and pulled it back in coming back down." Those were days so happy that all who ever went on one of the trips looks back and sings, "Thanks For The Memories."



Cutting up the deer for venison at the picnic are L to R, Malin Cox, the bishop; Bruce Snow, dairyman; Vere Beckstrom, rancher and proprietor of the store; and Rex Gardner, rancher. They are preparing the meat for the ninety or more expected at the picnic the following day.

## Chapter 3

### THE WARD

All of the public celebrations were planned and supervised by the Church leaders, the bishop and his counselors pretty well dominated life in the village. While the people were still living in the Upper Town they belonged to a ward combined with Pinto and Hebron. Robert Gardner was bishop of all the places, but when they moved down to the permanent place Erastus Snow, who was the Apostle in charge of the entire Dixie mission, organized a separate ward and made his brother William, who, just moved down from Lehi, the first bishop of the Pine Valley ward. It was under his direction that the Chapel was built. Soon after William joined the Church back in Vermont he went on a mission where he came into contact with the William Burgess family and converted them to the Church. Later they again met in Nauvoo where William and Harrison Burgess were both made members of the city council, still later in Salt Lake they were again members of the city council there. When William arrived in Pine Valley he found Harrison already living there. It was natural that he choose Harrison as one of his counselors in the bishopric. They were later drawn still closer when Harrison's son Joseph married William's daughter Emma. When William died in 1879 Harrison was at his bedside having been called in to help give him a blessing.

In that day burial caskets were made with glass on the upper half of the lid, when William was lowered into his grave Erastus knelt at the side for a farewell look and said, "William, I could almost envy you of this,

but this is too narrow a spot for your great soul to lie in."

Fredrick W. Jones was appointed bishop to replace William Snow and remained in the position until 1887 when he asked to be released that he might join the polygamists who were seeking asylum in Mexico at that time. William Gardner was counselor to Bishop Jones and held the position until he was called to go on a mission to New Zealand where he remained until 1887. Upon his return Bishop Jones was just moving to Mexico so William was ordained in his place.

This mission call was quite an event in the village for he was the first missionary called from the ward. He was surprised at the call for he thought if he were ever called it would be to Scotland, his father's native land. He proceeded to make arrangements for the care of his family in his absence. Since he and his brothers, Reuben and Ozro had worked together they assumed the care of his farm and cattle.

The day before he was to leave he spent it going over his books and other business which needed his care. In the late afternoon Bishop Jones, Bennet Bracken and Joseph Burgess came to the door and invited the family to come down to the church. On their arrival there they found two long tables set for all the ward with the best food of the land. It was a farewell party for him. The next morning he left to catch the train at Milford, then on to Salt Lake where he and several other missionaries were set apart and sent on their way to San Francisco.

After nearly a month on the ocean they



arrived in New Zealand where he was sent into the interior where few missionaries had been sent before. He was not sure how safe his life would be among those semi-civilized natives.

This was his experience there as told by Apostle Matthew Cowley in his funeral: He arrived at the appointed place where he found that he could not speak the language, their living conditions were primitive in the extreme, their food..he could not endure it..they lived on Poi, a food they made from some kind of root which was ground up and fermented into a thick mush. It was very healthful but he could not stand the taste. He knew he was there to convert them to the restored gospel but how could he do it when he could not talk to them? He tried to help them with their work and could see how their ways could be improved by more modern methods and tried to show them but met failure at every turn. At last, in disgust, he felt he was only wasting his time so decided to return home, but since he was traveling without purse or script, as was the way in that day, he did not have enough money to buy a postage stamp to write home for money to pay his fare. He thought if he could get out to the coast he might find work enough to get the necessary money, so started to walk. As he was making his way between two villages he came to a mountain which he thought he might climb and it would shorten his distance, but as he climbed he lost the trail and soon found himself in the cane breaks, the "bush" the natives called it. They were so thick and tall he could not tell where he was going. He thought if he could reach the top of the mountain he might be able to see out and discover his directions, but on reaching the top found the place so heavily wooded he again could not see out. He wandered all day then all night and well into the second day. When night began to approach he became desperate so turned to the only source he could think of for help. He knelt to pray and said, "Father, if you will help me out of this I promise I will spend the rest of my life doing

Your work." He arose and started again and soon heard a stream of water. He knew if he followed it he might get out so continued his way and came to a road, on the other side of which he saw a light in the window of a cottage to which he made his way. It proved to be the home of a Moari chieftain. They took him in, warmed and fed him. Fortunately they knew enough English that he was able to explain why he was there. They listened to his story and believed it. The chieftain was the head of a large clan. He asked William to stay with them a few days and tell his story to more of them, which he did. It encouraged him enough that he decided he could yet convert more. Now he claimed that the Lord blessed him so that by diligent study he mastered the language, and the food was made sweet to him, he got to where he really enjoyed it.

Many of this first family were baptized and became a nucleus around which many others gathered. Nothing succeeds like success. Now he became enthusiastic. He lived right with the people helping them on their farms and showing them new things to help them with their homes and farms. He came to love them and they him. He was about the most successful missionary who went there in that day, in the three and a half years that he remained he was so influential that to this day some of the older Moaries still tell of him.

He returned home in November of 1888, the band was out to welcome him home as he drove over the ridge into the valley, and he was given a rousing welcome home party. In December of that year he was made bishop to replace brother Fredrick Jones who was moving to Mexico that year. As a bishop he was most efficient, he was particularly effective in rousing enthusiasm in his ward and in gaining cooperation in the projects that he dreamed up. It was under his direction that the wainscoting was placed around the walls of the chapel to cover the ugly places where the plaster had been

knocked off. The wall paper was hung from the wainscoting up to the ceiling to cover the old rough plaster which had never been very beautiful. A picket fence six feet high was placed around the public square.

Later he with several other ambitious men, who should have been given a medal for it, went over to Cedar City bottoms and brought back some dozens of cottonwood trees and planted them around the square as well as on many of the streets where they gave most welcome shade and added so much to the beauty of the village.

In William's patriarchal blessing he was promised that he should have sons who would bear his name in the land, a promise which he prized greatly. He had two sons one six months old the other six years old who both died during the epidemic which struck in the village in 1899. One died on the 5th of July, the other on the following day, a blow from which he never quite recovered. He made their coffins and buried them in the same grave. Four years later a third son was born to them.

In 1893 he was again called to New Zealand on a second mission. Before he had been there a year he was made president of the mission, during which time he traveled a great deal to keep in personal touch with the people he felt so friendly with. In the summer of 1894 he received word from home that his remaining son had also died of polio and his daughter, Elizabeth, was stricken. She survived the illness but was crippled from it the remainder of her life.

He returned home in 1897 thinking he was through, but twenty years later when he was 67 years old he was again called to return to New Zealand. This time as mission president again. When he arrived he found that many changes had taken place. Great Britain who claimed the island had brought many improvements. They had built a new modern road past the little cottage where he had been taken in after his experience in the "bush" and the natives who owned the house had prospered and built a new modern home on the site of the old one but

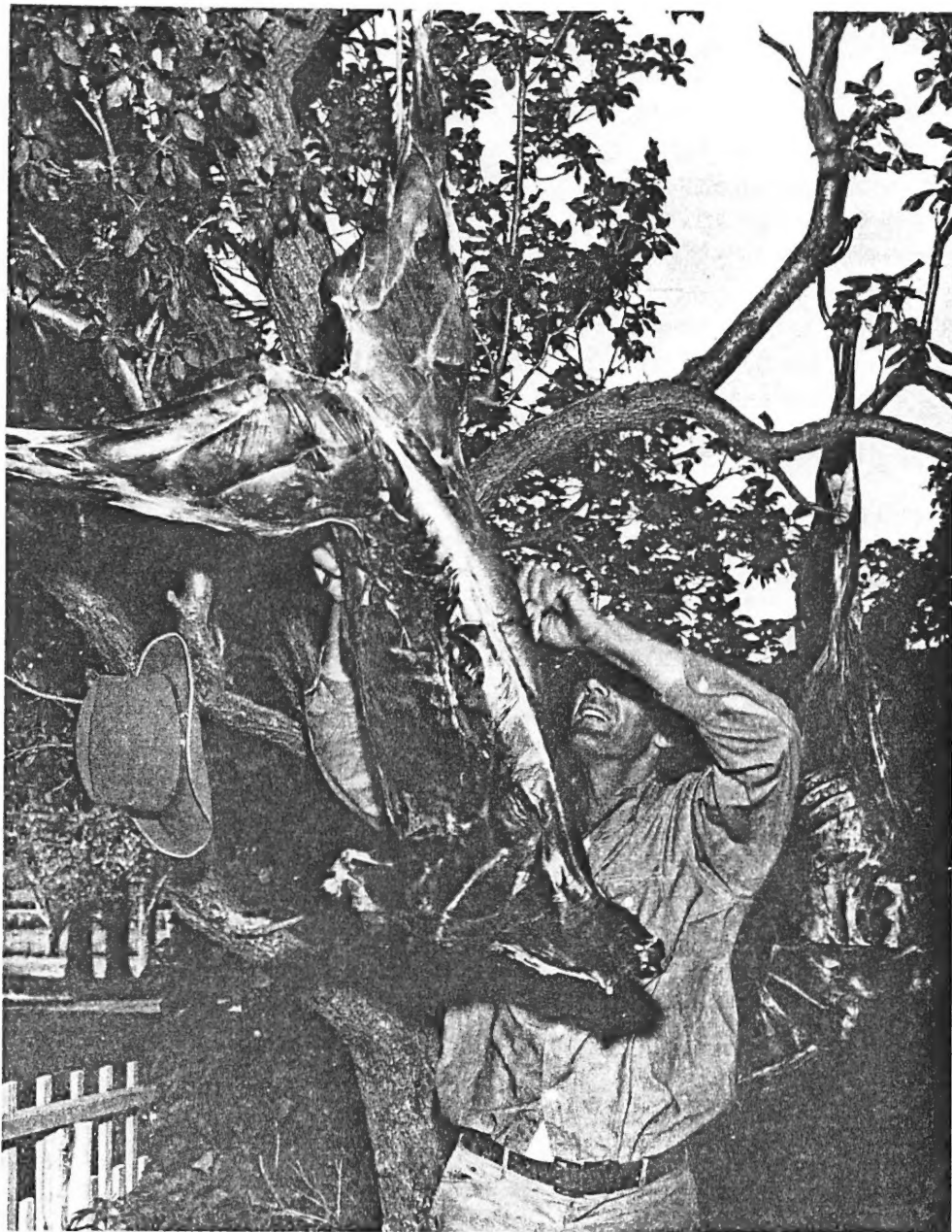
instead of being built facing the new road it was placed on an angle with one window being placed as near as possible where the old one had been that had the light in that had guided William to it the first time. The father said he wanted another light in that window in hopes that it might bring to someone else the blessing of the gospel that had come to them and brought them so many blessings.

While there he received a letter from Mathias F. Cowley who had been on his first mission with him telling him that he was sending his seventeen year old son Matthew out to this mission, and asked him to send the boy to the toughest place he could find. William evidently did this, not long after the boy arrived he became ill and was bedfast in the home of one of the natives for a long time. One day he received a letter telling him to come to mission headquarters for conference. He arrived far from well. After the first morning meeting was dismissed President Gardner asked all the missionaries to remain in the chapel. He then placed a chair in front and asked Matthew to sit down in it, then asked the other missionaries to come and place their hands on his shoulders. The ones who did not have room placed their hands on the other missionaries so they were all in contact, then William placed his hands on Matthew's head and gave him a blessing, asking the Lord to make him well. He arose from the chair perfectly well and all the members of the Church who ever heard him talk after he was made an Apostle or read the book written about him all know what tremendous influence he had in the church for the remainder of his life.

After William returned from his second mission he was down cast over the loss of his sons and at the time there was a lot of wrangling over the water rights on the Santa Clara Creek plus other things to make him unhappy. One morning after milking the cows he was driving them up to Forsyth Canyon to feed during the day and knelt by a large rock and prayed that he might be

relieved of some of his unhappiness. Right shortly after this he was called to be an ordinance worker in the St. George Temple. He left his farm in the care of his brothers, as he had before, then purchased a home in St. George where he spent the rest of the active years of his life in that work. He never returned to Pine Valley to live but it always seemed like home to him and all his family.

When William was called on his second mission, his counselor, Jeter Snow, was made bishop in his place, a position he retained for nearly forty years, as has been mentioned before. Upon his release Erastus Snow Gardner "Rass" was ordained in his place. William Malin Cox replaced him in 1941.



Vere Beckstrom cleans and dresses down the two deer shot the night before in the fields of Pine

Valley. They will be used for venison steaks at the picnic in the canyon.